

# Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance

VOLUME XVII.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1883.

NUMBER 8.

## THE OLD RELIABLE HOUSE OF PAUL GARNIER, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing For Men and Boys.

I invite the attention of the public to my stock of SPRING CLOTHING, it being complete and new, and made under my own supervision. I guarantee to sell

**None But Good Goods,**  
and the best fits, for all sizes, at Lowest Prices!

ALL OLD STOCK SOLD AT HALF WHAT IT COST!

## A. H. SAWYER,

DEALER IN



**Drugs and Medicines.**

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,  
Books and Stationery,  
Wall Paper, Perfumery, Fancy  
Articles, Etc., Etc.,

W. Main St., IRONTON.

## UNION MARKET.

FIRST-CLASS GOODS AT BOTTOM PRICES.

FULL ASSORTMENT OF

**FAMILY GROCERIES.**

FRUIT JARS, SEALING WAX, JELLY GLASSES,

STONE CHURNS, CROCKS, JUGS, JARS.

QUEENWARE, GLASS WARE, WOODEN WARE,

**TABLE CUTLERY,**

TOBACCO, PIPES AND CIGARS,

**CANNED GOODS,**

Eagle Ball Potash, Saponifier, and Many Other Things.

Call and Examine My New Goods.

**None but STANDARD Goods Kept,**

And I am Selling them at the

Lowest St. Louis Retail Prices.

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.**

I Respectfully Solicit a Share of Your Trade, and You

Shall Receive the Best Attention.

## W. P. McCARVER.

Country Produce Bought and Sold.

**And Tinners' Stock**  
OF ALL KINDS  
FOR SALE BY  
**Excelsior**  
Mfg. Co.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.  
For Sale by J. N. Bishop, Ironton, Mo.

First-class Job Work is being turned out continually at the REGISTER Job Printing Office, at St. Louis prices.

### Kick.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

Never submit to any wrong—  
Make a kick!  
Though your voice becomes a gong;  
Though the strife be sore and long;  
Though it leave you weak and sick,  
Make a kick!

Right is might for honest men;  
Make a kick!  
Never mind the where and when;  
Though the odds be one to ten,  
Show yourself a plucky chick—  
Make a kick!

Though it gives the lawyers wealth,  
Make a kick!  
Poverty oft takes on health;  
Fight the wrong by force, by stealth—  
Always to your motto stick,  
Make a kick!

### FROM THE SNOW RANGE.

Interesting Sequel to "Minnie Belle."

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, Col., Aug. 27, '83.

Ed. Register.—When I was here in the mountains a few years ago and had my sad experience in the tragic death of the beautiful and angelic "Minnie Belle" (Minnie Belle DeLaney), I was too much depressed in spirit to again visit the mountain precipice where the bright, the beautiful, the fragile little queen vanished "over the range," into the spirit land. I did not think that I ever should. I then went elsewhere into the mountains, striving to shut out the event from my memory, but only to see her bright spirit in every floating golden-tinted cloudlet; only to hear her vesper-chanting in the music of the aspen and the sighing of the mountain pines as I sat beneath their shades.

Your readers may remember that "Minnie" was the last of her name; she, motherless from infancy, the companion of her gifted father, the idol of his heart, the bright hope of his declining years; she dead; she so tragically, so sadly taken off, she taken back and buried under the shades of Concord. The broken, stricken, utterly crushed father sailed for Europe. Since he wrote me from Switzerland, more than a year ago, (from whence he was going to Venice). I had heard nothing. I greatly longed to hear from him, for he had promised me a painting or miniature of "Minnie" when he could get one just suited to his wishes. But it did not come, and I wondered why.

But the sequel—and here it is—explains it all. 'Tis but another chapter in the sad romance of real life.

Several days ago when passing the telegraph office at Boulder, the operator called me in; said that a message had just passed over the line for me from the Mountains, to Denver. I requested him to tell the Denver operator that I was here, and ask him to repeat it back to Boulder. In a minute the message was handed to me, as follows:

"I notice, by paper, your arrival in Denver. Can you come up here to the Park—James' Ranch? Very special."

"CHARLES FRANCIS WAGNER." I read it over and over again. Had I ever known Charles Francis Wagner? I could not recall. Was sure I never had. So I answered:

"No; unless you write and explain, and it be necessary."

Two days later, I received from him a letter in these words:

JAMES' RANCH, NEAR LONG'S PEAK, August 24th.

My Dear Judge Emerson.—You will recognize me as a total stranger to you. The conviction that what I have to lay before you will be of the gravest interest to you, is my apology for addressing you and soliciting your presence.

On the 25th of last March I wrote you from Venice, Italy, informing you of the death, on the previous day, of Dr. DeLaney, father of "Minnie Belle," whom it was your happy fortune, but sad lot, to immortalize in song. In it was a gem miniature of "Minnie." It and my letter were sent pursuant to direction of the Doctor just before his death. He was a little confused in his directions, and it would be very regretful if it did not reach you. I was his only companion during his last days. He wasted away and died of a broken heart. It was black despair, grief uncontrollable; a heart crushed, desolate and wild. Hope had all departed. Every sun-ray had vanished from his noble heart. He thought of you, and longed to meet you again. But the hope and yearnings of his heart were that he would meet his lost "Minnie" in the bright beyond, where he pictured her a seraph, waiting for him, beckoning him to come to her. For days before he died, his grief knew no bounds. It was a sorrow intensified by an agony of soul, which could only express itself in moans and sobs and tears, until his whole frame would shake and his breast would heave and swell with emotion, and his tears literally flooded his couch. The witness of his disconsolate cries—"My Minnie! Oh, my Minnie! My best, my beautiful Minnie! She beckons me to come to her!" He had me draw him to the window and open it just before he died; and there, gazing up into the cloudless Ve-

netian sky, he held up his hands, and, amid sobs and tears, kept repeating, "There, oh there is my Minnie! I must go, I must go!" Then he calmed a moment, gazed steadily into the sky, clasped his hands, a sweet and radiant smile lighting up his tear-dewy face, and exclaimed: "There, too, is my other, my OTHER, long-lost Minnie! Little Minnie and mother!" He sank on his pillow, still gazing up, with his hands clasped, and repeated the last verse of "Minnie Belle"—

"Oh, in the starry land,  
A star thou'lt shine for me,  
And beckon with thy hand;  
I'll flee away to thee!"

He closed his eyes, and breathed calmly. In a few minutes he began to whisper a hymn, and repeated only the words:

"Jesus, savior of my soul."

And he was dead. His agonized spirit went out to meet Minnie and her mother—"just over there."

I wanted to see you to tell you this. I came here to find and mark the spot where "Minnie" was killed, and I intended to go and see you on my return East. But now that you are so near, can you not come up and help me? Pray do come at once. It was Dr. DeLaney's request that I should do this, and also see you and give you his last thanks. I await you with anxiety.

Most sincerely and truly yours,

CHARLES FRANCIS WAGNER.

Need I say that I was intensely shocked at the perusal of this letter. The letter and miniature from Venice, last March, never reached me.

I at once went up to Prof. Wagner, whom I found to be a Boston gentleman, and an old friend of Dr. DeLaney, whom he accidentally met last winter in Venice.

The hours spent by me in walking over the places made sacred to me by the presence of little "Minnie" just preceding her death, were full of sad and melancholy interest.

There was the wild flower-garden glen where I first beheld little "Minnie," as the little beauty lightly sprang into the stage coach, covered with bright flowers which her little hands had gathered and adjusted on her hat and dress.

There, the rock under the pines where she would climb on my knees and, with arms around my neck, warble her even-song, or chant a lullaby; then, almost smothering me with kisses, would run away to her night's repose, only to be joyously singing again under the pines as the early sun-rays flashed over mountain peaks and lighted up fir and aspen.

There the spot where she clung to my arms, with sobs as we last parted, and I sprang into the carriage and rolled away—sad parting—never more to meet.

Shall I, amid such sad surroundings, stop and console myself with philosophy? Can it assert itself as safe consolation to a grief-stricken heart? Is it helpful to assert that our strength grows out of our weakness? Shall we reflect that the sorrow which arms itself with secret forces, must prick and sting and sorely assail us? To be truly great is to triumph through it and over it? If we sit on the cushion of ease, of unwepted composure, we go to sleep? The soul that knows no sorrow will have poor capacity to ever enjoy great happiness?

But, . . . . . Ab, me; if but "Minnie" were here with her angelic faith, with her little prayers and vesper-song, all philosophy would dissolve in their sublime and radiant warmth.

EMERSON.

### A World's Exposition for 1892.

At a meeting of the World's Arbitration League in the city of Washington, D. C., the other night, resolutions were adopted favoring the holding of a world's exposition of art and industry at the capital of the United States in 1892, the fourth centennial of the discovery of America, and recommending that there be held with it a representative congress of nations for the discussion of "questions affecting the moral and social relations of the human race." It was also decided to appoint a committee of seven members of the League to wait upon the President and request him to take into consideration the propriety of recommending to the next Congress some legislation looking to a successful attainment of the ends contemplated.

### I WISH TO STATE

That in my opinion the men who refused Mr. Tinsel's Test were in error. A Approves of Science & Loves RELIGION

### Why Then Refuse

THE APPEAL?

Oh, YE PHARISEES:

PRAY FOR HEALTH.

WINCHY

### A Letter From Bellevue.

Bellevue was written up last winter. Since then a sufficient stock of facts has been accumulated to justify an additional description, which will not involve any repetition. The field to be described will be defined as located in the valley of Cedar creek, as far as the Big Shut-in, being in substance a triangle whose points are at Hermann Duhrmann's, the Brown farm and Rev. E. H. White's.

### THE SOIL

is alluvial, and in every particular closely resembles the cotton lands of Louisiana, being every whit as fertile. Our strong point of agreement is the tendency to consolidate after a rain. This arises from the great percentage of lime in the soil, and calls for subsoiling and clover. Last year Bellevue showed what it could do in wheat at forty bushels to the acre. As an unavoidable result the crop of this year, grown largely on the same ground, was very short, because the wheat elements in the soil were exhausted and no time for recovery had been given. Deeper plowing by bringing new soil to the surface, would have done better.

The soil of Bellevue is all that can be desired in regard to fertility, and the people need to understand their soil so as to avail themselves of its advantages, and in order to this they must understand themselves and their relations to the soil.

### THE CLIMATE

is materially different from that of Arcadia Valley, owing to the absence of all large mineral formations in Bellevue. The electrical perpendicular currents here depend on streams of water underground, and this valley is out of line of the horizontal magnetic currents, which pass us on the east and north. Accordingly the best thunder in Bellevue would be hardly third-class in Arcadia Valley. But Bellevue is a safer place in which to live, because there are no mineral deposits; so that unless a building or a tree stands over an underground stream of water, its chances of injury by lightning are not appreciable in amount. The lightning mainly goes above Bellevue, giving benefit with diminished risks.

But it will be asked, Do you have MALARIA?

Yes, considerable, owing to the exceeding richness of the soil and consequent luxuriance of the vegetation. But a little care will guard against that. By carefully protecting the health of the animals on which we depend for milk, butter and meat, keeping the premises and all persons neat and clean, and being careful not to stir around much before breakfast, the risks can be reduced to a minimum. But there is one source of blood poisoning which those precautions cannot reach, and that is the moral character of the people. There is no reference here to any of those openly immoral practices which all must condemn; but that heedless exposure to the heat, that rush, worry, excitement and fatigue by which men tamper with life. Much of the danger commonly supposed to arise from decaying vegetation is at least greatly aggravated by anxiety and oppressive labor. The men who invent labor-saving implements are entitled to first-class medals from the Board of Health.

T. C.

### Why Is It?

The members of the Jewish race are said to have one advantage over Christians; they are comparatively secure from pestilence. In the Middle Ages, when the plague appeared, so few Jews were smitten that the suspicions of the ignorant people were aroused, and the Jews were accused of poisoning the wells and the rivers. During the three great outbreaks of cholera in Algeria, the Jewish mortality was only about one-half that of the Gentiles, and at Pesth, in 1857, it was only one-seventh. At Rome in 1865, the cholera death rate among the Roman Catholic population was three times as high as it was among the Jews.

### A Foe to Ananias.

Harry White, aged twelve, a precocious but promising disciple of George Washington, with truth on his lips and a hatchet in his hand, bobbed up shipper and pertina New York police court the other day. He had been run in, so to speak, for that form of juvenile vagrancy known as truancy. The lady at Long Branch by whom he had been employed as a page gave him a good home and treated him well, he said. "Then why did you run away from her?" asked the Judge. "She made me tell lies," said the Noble Boy. "When people called to see her she used to make me tell them she was 'not at home.'" He was immediately sent to the Juvenile

Asylum to do missionary work among the young liars residing there. If he lives long enough he may fetch to repentance a few of the well-bred Ananiases who look upon the Life Social as a sort of moral duty.—St. Louis Chronicle.

### "Crummy Joe."

For a number of years this mysterious person has resided in our midst. He is looked upon as a poor, miserable outcast; and when the shades of night put in their appearance he steals quietly away to the lime kiln, and there, on an old pine board under the shed, is his sleeping place. His history has always been a mystery. The other day our reporter met a gentleman who had been conversing with Joe, and who before the latter departed handed him a \$5 bill, telling him to use it to his best advantage. After Joe left we asked if he knew anything about him, remarking at the same time that his history was shrouded in mystery. He replied that he had known Joe for the past fifteen years; that his father and mother still resided in Montreal, Canada, at which place Joe was born. His real name is Joseph H. Sauvinnett, and he has two sisters and three brothers still living. His two sisters are missionaries in Australia. His two brothers, Lewis and Thomas, are editors of the Toronto Evangelical Churchman, a Protestant Episcopal weekly paper; and his third brother is preaching the gospel at Mineral Point, Wisconsin.—Cape Girardeau News.

A boy who was tried recently in Kentucky on the charge of carrying a concealed weapon was acquitted on the ground that he was too small to conceal a weapon so large.

The strength of man's tendency to sleep in church was illustrated recently in Lewiston, Maine, where a burglar was found in sound slumber in a pew of St. Peter's with his kit of tools scattered around him.

In Clerburne, Texas, Mrs. Baylis has been excommunicated from the Advent Church on the ground that she is "possessed with a devil." It was her custom, after coming out of a trance, to relate what she claimed to have seen going on among the communicants.

Dr. Hamilton says that at least once every day girls should have their halters taken off and be turned out like young colts. "Caisthenes may be very genteel," he avers, "and romping very ungenteel, but one is the shadow, the other the substance, of healthful exercise."

After enjoying a ride on the electric railway at the Southern Exposition in Louisville, a man with sun-browned face and wearing a sombrero exclaimed: "I've seen something we ain't got in Texas and they'll call me a liar when I tell 'em I rode around a ten-acre lot on a railroad that was run without steam or fire."

There was a competitive exhibition of fireworks at Nantasket Beach, near Boston, a few evenings ago. One of the pieces represented a hive with a swarm of bees buzzing around it, and another "a life-like race between two fiery bicycles." A pyrotechnic sunflower was loudly applauded by the Boston visitors.

In Fairfield, Maine, is a manufactory of ready-made buildings, which is said to be the largest in the world. It turns out dwellings in many sizes and shapes, as boots and shoes are turned out in other parts of New England. The capabilities of the factory range from a shanty to a \$50,000 hotel, with every room fronting to the sea.

Pennsylvania office-holders in Washington are pained-struck by the appearance of the Cooper campaign circular, asking for "voluntary contributions." This, it is alleged, although more carefully worded, is the exact counterpart in intent of the Mahone or Hubbell circulars, and will be as certainly enforced as were the latter. Commissioner Eaton has urged no objection against the circulation of these letters among the employees, claiming that the sums asked for will be entirely voluntary, and not enforced contributions.

It is said that where a dollar's worth of goods pass the Custom Houses on the Niagara river, \$1,000 worth are smuggled, either one way or the other. From Canada are smuggled better spiritsuous liquors and silks; in return for which the Americans smuggle Canada cheap jewelry, kerosene and innumerable products of Yankee ingenuity cheaper here than there. The smuggling is done at night in row-boats. It is said that it would require at least 50 night watchmen on the Niagara river to prevent this traffic. Next to the Niagara as a field for smugglers comes the Detroit river.